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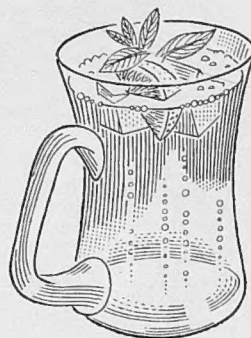
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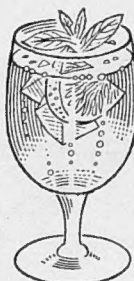
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 26 to July 3



MISS MERLE ROPNER is the elder daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner, of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire, and Lennox Gardens, S.W.1. Her father is the Conservative Member of Parliament for Barkstone Ash which he first represented in 1931; he was created a baronet in 1952. Miss Ropner, who has an elder brother and a younger sister, is a débutante this year and is to have a coming-out dance in Yorkshire on Sept. 7

June 26 (Wed.) The Queen gives a dinner party for Commonwealth Prime Ministers at Windsor Castle.

Dance: Mrs. Nigel Capel-Cure and Mrs. Hubert Barry for Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Miss Rosemary Barry, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newbury and Catterick Bridge.

June 27 (Thu.) The Queen, with Prince Philip, visits the R.M.A., Sandhurst, and presents new Colours. After which they will visit Guildford.

Dances: Mrs. Gerald Critchley and Mrs. Arthur Lockhart for their daughters Miss Belinda Loyd and Miss Caroline Lockhart, at Claridge's; Mrs. Neville Penry-Thomas for her daughter Miss Margaret Leonard-Morgan at 23b Grove End Road, N.W.8. Dockland Settlements Ball, Savoy. June Ball, R.M.A., Sandhurst. National Hunter Show, Shrewsbury.

Racing: Newbury, Newcastle.

June 28 (Fri.) The Queen visits the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham.

Dances: Mrs. Raymond Sturge for her daughter Miss Caroline Sturge's début, and her son Mr. Anthony Sturge's coming-of-age, at Pendell House, Bletchingley, Surrey; Mrs. H. C. C. Batten for her daughter Miss Emma Richards, at Aldon, Yeovil.

Mrs. Maurice Smith for Miss Susan Smith, Four Winds, Bidborough, Kent; Mrs. Cecil Halford for Miss Beverley Halford, The Mill House, Broughton, Hants.

Beechwood Ball, Londonderry House; Puckeridge Hunt Ball, Fanhams, Ware; Radley College Beagles Ball, Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead; Universities' Midsummer Ball, Festival Hall; Queen's College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball. Racing: Lingfield Park, Doncaster, Newcastle.

June 29 (Sat.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother unveils a Memorial at Dunkirk.

Dances: Lady Boothby for Miss Penelope Boothby, Fommon Castle, Glam; Lady Faith Culme-Seymour for her daughter Miss Gemma Nesbitt, Rockingham Castle, Market Harborough.

Yachting: Clyde Week opens, Gourock (to July 6). Racing: Lingfield Park, Doncaster, Newcastle and Worcester.

June 30 (Sun.) Polo: First rounds, Cowdray Park Gold Cup.

July 1 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit Mill Hill School.

Dances: Denisa Lady Newborough and Mrs. Wilfrid Durose for their daughters the Hon. Juno Wynn and Miss Honor Durose at Claridge's; Mrs. Jack Bowthorpe for Miss Susan Bowthorpe, the Dorchester.

Golf: Open Championship at Muirfield (to 6th). Racing: Brighton, Wolverhampton.

July 2 (Tue.) The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra attend the première of *Around The World In Eighty Days* at the Astoria Cinema, in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund.

Dance: Mrs. David Lycett Green for her daughter Miss Julia Williamson at the Hyde Park Hotel. Victoria League Ball, the Dorchester.

Royal Agricultural Show opens at Costessy, Norwich (to 5th).

Racing: Brighton, Wolverhampton.

July 3 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit Norwich.

Royal Henley Regatta opens (to 6th).

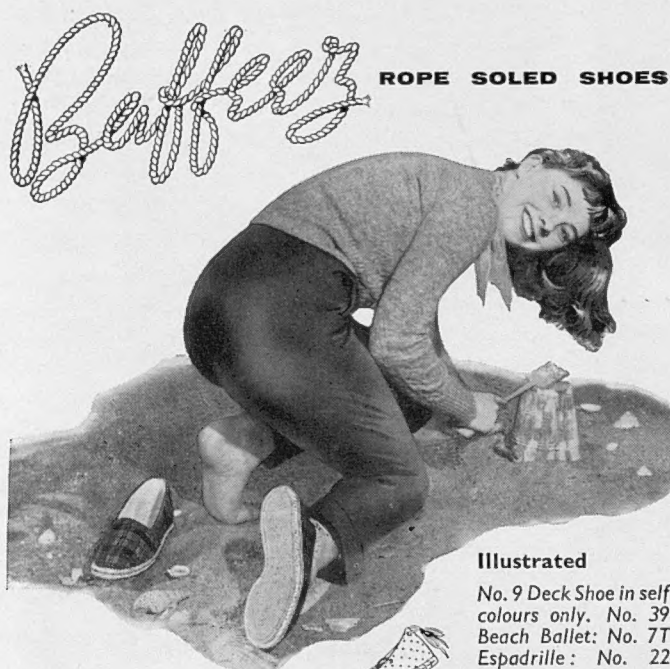
Dances: Lady Maud (small dance) for Miss Caroline Maud, 1 Greville Place, N.W.6; Lady Robinson for her daughter Miss Loretta Robinson, at 24 Carlton House Terrace.

Tudor Rose Ball, Savoy.

Newmarket: Bloodstock Sales (to 6th).

Racing: Newmarket, Liverpool, Carlisle.

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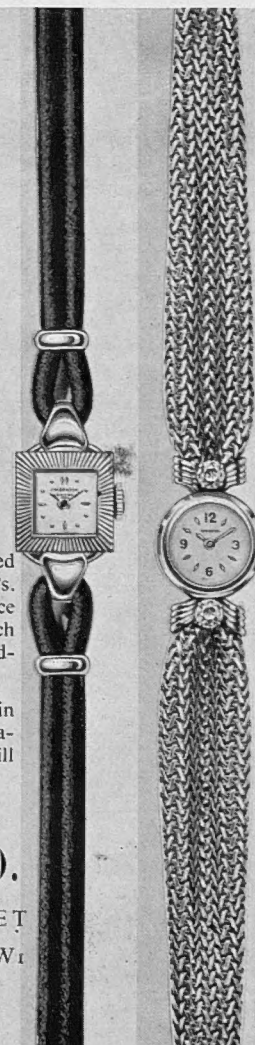
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Yevonde

Organizing a Royal film premiere

LADY EDITH FOXWELL, the beautiful wife of Mr. Ivan Foxwell, one of our leading film producers, is chairman of the committee arranging the premiere of his *Manuela* at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on July 18, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

H.R.H. Prince Philip, President of the Association, is to attend the premiere. Lady Edith, daughter of the younger son of the 9th Earl of Cavan, has two daughters. The Foxwells live at Home Farm, Sherston, Wiltshire, and also have a penthouse in Upper Grosvenor Street

HOLIDAY-TIME AT LE TOUQUET



A Dove aircraft of Morton Air Services unloading passengers

LE TOUQUET, the French resort so popular with the English, was packed with visitors over the Whitsun holiday this year, and most of the big hotels were booked up many weeks ago. As usual, the Casino and the golf course were the main sources of entertainment. Outdoor activities were much in evidence since the weather was warm and sunny, and many of the visitors drove out of town to have luncheon at one of the restaurants in the surrounding forests. Jennifer describes her stay at Le Touquet, and the many diversions which make so great an appeal to holidaymakers from early summer onwards, on page 669

Mrs. MacDonald and Mr. R. MacDonald standing in the sun on the terrace of the Westminster Hotel

Mrs. George Dunbar, Mr. Michael Green, Capt. T. Gunn, the pilot, and Mr. George Dunbar after landing in a Dove aircraft



Mr. and Mrs. George Dunbar studying a putt at the eighteenth hole of the golf course



Lady Anson, Mrs. Christopher Oldfield and Mrs. R. MacDonald outside the Westminster Hotel

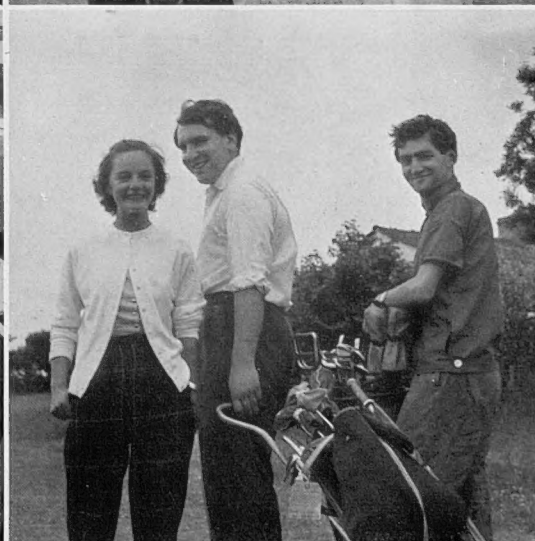


Mrs. Michael Price, Mrs. David Wigan, Mr. Michael Price and Mr. David Wigan at Flavio's Bar

*Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks
on the golf course*

*Lord Bruce talking to Mrs.
Freddy Roe*

*Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. U.
McLaughlin*



*Major Peter Loyd and Miss
Sally Inglis*

*Miss Barbara Parker, Mr. J.
Bennett, Mr. T. Emmanuel*

*Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Stoneham
outside their house*

Desmond O'Neil.

Social Journal

THE QUEEN'S OWN PARADE

Jennifer

THERE is no more impressive sight than the Queen's Birthday parade—the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade—with the Footguards in their scarlet tunics and bearskins, the Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry in their gleaming cuirasses and plumed helmets, the mounted band of the Household Cavalry in their heavily gold embroidered coats and black velvet caps, and the massed bands, drums and pipes of the Brigade of Guards.

This year the Queen, riding sidesaddle on a new chestnut horse who behaved perfectly, wore the blue plume of the Irish Guards in her black tricorne hat with a navy blue skirt and scarlet tunic, across which she wore the blue ribbon of the Garter. The Queen was accompanied by Prince Philip riding a grey charger, and the Duke of Gloucester. The Queen Mother in powder blue, Princess Margaret in primrose yellow, and Prince Charles with Princess Anne, who wore a candy striped cotton dress and little rosebud trimmed straw cap, watched the parade from a window above the Horse Guards Arch. With them were the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra.

It was the turn of the Irish Guards to troop the Colour, the ceremony being carried out with perfect precision. On parade, the troops who gave the Queen a Royal Salute were under the command of Col. Ivo Reid of the Irish Guards. In the procession riding with the Queen were the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, Major-Gen. Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, Brig. Walter Sale, Lt.-Col. Sir Terence Nugent and Lt.-Col. Sir Michael Adeane, Crown Equerry and Equerries-in-Waiting, General Sir Charles Loyd, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, and General Lord Jeffreys, Colonels of three Regiments of Footguards, and Major-Gen. G. F. Johnson, the Major-General commanding the Household Brigade.

The Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan watched the parade from a stand backing on to the garden of 10 Downing Street, where later they held a reception for Commonwealth High Commissioners and their wives and a few friends. The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Countess of Selkirk had many naval personalities and friends with them on the Admiralty House stand, and afterwards had a buffet luncheon party. Major-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, was there early to see that the many Ambassadors and their wives present were comfortably seated.

OTHERS I saw watching this traditional and colourful ceremony included the Earl and Countess of Scarborough, Countess Alexander of Tunis, Earl and Countess Cathcart, and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, whose husband was riding in the parade. He is shortly off to Cyprus to take over command of the Royal Horse Guards stationed out there. Also among the spectators were Mr. Cameron and Lady Hermione Cobbold, Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg who was talking to Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker, Lady Selsdon, the Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Charles Norton, the Hon. Mrs. Miles Fitzalan Howard, Mr. Jerry and the Hon. Mrs. Jameson, the Hon. Katharine Smith escorted by Mr. Billy Wallace, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, Col. Sydney Fitzgerald escorting débutante Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Lord and Lady Mancroft and Viscountess Waverley whom I saw congratulating that great and lovable personality of the medical world, Sir Horace Evans, who had received a peerage in the Birthday Honours that morning. He was accompanied by his charming wife and their pretty daughter Jean.

★ ★ ★

VISITORS arrived in their dozens by air, sea, rail and road at Le Touquet for a recent weekend. Silver City Airways were landing one of their big car ferry planes, carrying three or four cars and a number of passengers, every ten minutes or so throughout the day, and Morton Air Service from Croydon had augmented their regular service to Le Touquet with many extra planes, including a Heron, and had also arranged a number of charter planes.

I flew over in one of the latter with a party of friends who, like everyone else I saw the following week, thoroughly enjoyed their visit.

The hotels were packed; foremost among these are the Westminster, where I always stay, and which M. Nayrolles now manages so very efficiently, the new Hotel de la Mer right on the sea front, Le Manoir



Brodrick Haldane

MISS LUCY DRUMMOND-MORAY is the daughter of Major and Mrs. James Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray; her father is the twenty-first Laird of Abercairny and her mother the daughter of the late Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott. Miss Drummond-Moray is a debutante this year; her mother has taken a house in London for the Season and is giving a dance for her in Scotland this September



H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II rode down the Mall to Horse Guards Parade where the ceremony of Trooping the Colour took place. Her Majesty was followed by Prince Philip

right on the golf course, and the Bristol which is in the centre of the town. The Casino de la Foret was chic, gay and busy and had a record number of visitors on the Sunday night, where it was interesting to see one of the roulette tables was raised to a minimum of one mille. Walking round here each evening quietly seeing that all was going well was M. Abecassis, the President Directeur General, who, since his colleague M. François André (of Deauville and Cannes fame) took over part of Le Touquet, has done so much to restore it to some of that pre-war glory so beloved by English visitors.

Although it was sunny, there was a keen wind and I found the lovely sandy beach rather cold, but some hardy visitors bathed in the piscine. The excellent hard courts, of which there are a good number, were well patronized, and the fine golf course which was playing exceedingly well—the greens were perfect—was very popular each day. Geoffrey, the pro, who has been there so many years, was greeting many old friends and told me that on the Saturday and Sunday he had been there without a break from dawn to dusk, fitting in players with times and caddies. Our party were fortunate in having those two splendid women caddies, the ever-youthful Armandine, who in pre-war days often carried the Duke of Windsor's clubs when he played here, and the much younger Huguette, who is also very efficient.

AFTER golf one day we lunched at Le Manoir, which is so handy, another day we motored on to the Auberge de la Renaissance at Cucq, where the food is simple and beautifully cooked; here, the others lunching were all French families. The third day we lunched at the famous Club de la Foret, where M. Flavio always produces superb food and wines including some new and often exotic dishes, devastating for the figure, but delicious for a change during a brief trip abroad!

Among the many English visitors were Viscount and Viscountess Bruce of Melbourne, devotees of this delightful resort, Lord and Lady Weeks, Miss Monica Sheriffe who came over with the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, and Major the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester energetically playing tennis each day, as were Major Peter Loyd and his cousin Mr. Christopher Loyd (described in one French paper during the visit as "*un riche héritier lord Lloyd Christofer, que l'on donne comme le nouveau prétendant de la Princesse Margaret*")! Also Major John and Lady Elizabeth Baxendale, Mr. and Mrs. John Lowther, Lady Pulbrook, Mr. Bobbie and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Mr. Martin Lindsay, M.P., Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan, Major Stanley Cayzer with Mr.

and Mrs. Tolinar, and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy who were over from Ireland, Mr. John Butler who had flown from Yorkshire in a Gemini, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Davis, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick who are home from South Africa for the summer, Mr. John Ambler, Mr. Nicholas Ackroyd, and Mrs. Vernon Tate, who were all staying in the Westminster Hotel.

Many members of White's Club were playing golf energetically over the weekend, including Mr. Charlie Mills who with his attractive wife went on to Paris on the Tuesday, Mr. Eric Stocks, Mr. Geoffrey Todd and the Hon. Anthony Samuel, who with his lovely wife was in a party with Sir Adrian Jarvis, who was also playing golf daily. Others going round were Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, Mrs. Jean Garland, Mrs. Enid Cameron and Mrs. Murray Graham. The only golf competition over the weekend, le Coupe de Pentecote, was won by an English player Mr. F. Roe, a regular visitor to Le Touquet, with Mr. E. Dunlop the runner-up.

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WHEN I returned from Le Touquet I went straight to a cocktail party in the Penthouse of the Dorchester given by Lady Tredegar for her débutante daughter Miss Bridgit Russell, who is having her coming-out dance in the autumn. There were numerous young people present, all enjoying a very gay party. The following evening I went to another delightful young people's cocktail party given by Mrs. Colin Buist for Miss Bridgit Hibbert, a most attractive débutante, daughter of Major "Washie" Hibbert and Lady Patricia Fairweather. Her uncle the Earl of Inchcape is giving a dance for her on July 18. She was being helped by her cousin, Miss Virginia Lewellyn, to entertain their young friends, who included several of this year's débutantes.

From here I went to another party given by Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell in their Upper Grosvenor Street flat. As it was a fine evening guests were able to get out on to the roof garden, gay with flower boxes; they were also able to look down and admire the very gay garden full of flowering pink geraniums belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll a few doors away. Among the guests here I met Lord and Lady Dynevor, the Marchioness of Northampton talking to Lord Mancroft, who was being congratulated on his new appointment of Minister without Portfolio, the Duchess of Rutland, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. and Mrs. David Metcalfe, Col. and Mrs. Murray Laws, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who had been spending the weekend with Sir Hugh Dawson on board his boat Verity, Lady Marks, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ford,

[Continued overleaf]



HUB OF THE WEEK

THE Royal Enclosure at Ascot was the centre of the summer's greatest racing week. Here the large gathering on the opening day is seen near the recently introduced Royal Lawn, just before a short rainstorm caused a hurried rush for shelter

now Sir Edward and Lady Ford (he was knighted by the Queen the following day), and Lord and Lady Kilmarnock who, like myself, went on to a most enjoyable party given by Major the Hon. Julian Berry and his very attractive wife, really a farewell party before he leaves next month for Cyprus.

From the Berrys I went on to yet another party, given by Lord and Lady Monson at their enchanting Knightsbridge home, where I again met many friends who were enjoying their cool drinks in the little courtyard of the Monson's house with the vine growing up the wall and overhead.

Later that evening I went on to the coming-out dance which the Hon. Mrs. Charles Fordyce gave for her débutante daughter Sheila, who looked most attractive in pink, and to celebrate the coming of age of her son John. It was a nice change to have it at the Lansdowne Club, with dancing in the ballroom, and sitting out in the adjacent rooms and the paved garden, though I found this a bit chilly. Capt. Charles Fordyce was receiving the guests with his wife and daughter, and besides a great number of this year's débutantes and a greater number of young men, there were many of the big Hennessy family present, of whom Mrs. Fordyce is a member, being a sister of the present Lord Windlesham. This was a very cheery dance and went on gaily until the early hours of the morning.

★ ★ ★

NEVER has Royal Ascot opened in more glorious weather, the sunshine enhancing the pageantry of this unique annual event. There was the fine spectacle of the Royal party driving up the course in five open carriages with postillions and outriders in their gold braided scarlet uniforms, the brilliant summer dresses and many large hats of the women present, the grey top hats and morning coats of the men, here and there a colourful sari or the national costume of a visitor from overseas, and the green velvet coated, top-hatted attendants of the Royal Enclosure.

The Queen looked radiant in a dress of hyacinth blue lace as she arrived in the first carriage, accompanied by Prince Philip wearing a grey morning coat and grey top hat, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort. The Queen Mother has never looked nicer—she wore a rather tailored white lace dress and jacket with a little hat trimmed with royal blue and white ospreys. Princess Margaret, who accompanied her in the second carriage, was in a simple blue and green printed silk dress and a little petal cap of another shade.

Guests in the Royal race week house party at Windsor Castle this year, besides the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Princess Alexandra and

the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, also included the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Earl Granville, the Earl of Wilton, Viscount Cilcennin, Viscount Lumley, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Lord Patrick Beresford, Sir Eric Miéville, Mr. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles.

The racing, as always, was of a high standard. There was a great cheer as the fine Nearco colt Amerigo won the Coventry Stakes for Lord Howard de Walden, who is Senior Steward of the Jockey Club this year; in the unsaddling enclosure after the race he and Lady Howard de Walden, who looked very chic in a black sou'wester shaped hat and a long beige silk coat, received many congratulations. Another popular victory was when Viscount Allendale's Tenerani colt Tenterhooks won the Gold Vase. Viscountess Allendale, who wore a white petal cap with a cool navy blue dress, came down to the unsaddling enclosure flushed with excitement to see her husband's winner, and both received numerous congratulations.

There was much entertaining in the Carlton-Cavalry Club tent, and White's Club tent, as well as in the roomy bar and modern luncheon rooms at the back of the Royal Enclosure, which are among the many recent improvements at Ascot which the Duke of Norfolk has carried out so efficiently. Another new improvement this year is the concrete stand beside the paddock which enables so many more racegoers to get a view of the horses.

It was good to see the Earl of Derby back on a racecourse after his recent illness. He was one of the stewards of the meeting with the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sefton and Sir Randle Feilden.

AMONG the large gathering I saw enjoying the excellent racing on the first day, many trying to find winners, were the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the latter looking attractive and cool in a printed silk dress, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lady Monson who had cleverly backed two of the longest-priced winners that afternoon, the Marchioness of Huntly escorted in the paddock by the Earl of Dudley, Brigadier Jack Speed and his wife, who wore a printed silk suit, Earl and Countess Cathcart, Lord and Lady Stafford, the latter very pretty in yellow with her parents Colonel and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, Lord and Lady Glentoran over from Northern Ireland, Mr. Leopold Lonsdale, Mr. Edward Paget, Viscount and Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard who had a runner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle who had taken a house near Ascot for the week, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Lord and Lady Lyle of Westbourne, Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and Mrs. Williams, who was in a pink and grey print, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, whose Nearco colt Compromise ran third in the Gold Vase, Sir Harold and Lady Wernher, Major and Mrs. Edward

Kirkpatrick, the latter looking charming in brown chiffon, Major Stirling Stuart, Lady Violet Vernon and her débutante daughter Miss Veronica Vernon, and Major Ian Constable-Maxwell and his niece Miss Caroline Constable-Maxwell, who were having a great family reunion in the Duke of Norfolk's box.

More about Ascot next week, when I shall also be writing about the lovely ball at Cliveden which Viscount Astor kindly lent to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks to celebrate the début of their daughter Daphne, and at which the Queen and Prince Philip and their house party from Windsor Castle were present.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the nicest débutante dances I have been to this season was the one which the Countess of Mexborough gave for her daughter Lady Anne Savile at 23 Knightsbridge. Lady Mexborough, looking very elegant, wore a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace with a pale grey brocade dress, while Anne looked charming in green. The Earl of Mexborough was there and their two sons Viscount Pollington and the Hon. Charles Savile. Everywhere vases of summer flowers, including peonies, delphiniums, roses and lilies, had been exquisitely arranged.

Dancing took place in the first floor ballroom and in a small candlelit room on the floor above, where two Hungarian players in traditional costume provided the music. Among dinner party hostesses for this excellent dance were Lady Sarah Cumming-Bruce, whom I saw dancing with Lord Savile, Lady Brocket, whom I met with Lord Brocket, Mrs. Joe Goodhart who also brought her husband, son and daughter, the Hon. Lady Parkinson, Viscountess Ingleby, Lady Mount accompanied by Sir William Mount and their daughters Mary and Clare, Viscountess Maitland, the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, Mrs. Gerald Walker and the Hon. Lady Stucley accompanied by Sir Dennis Stucley. They are shortly off for a three-week holiday in Bermuda. I also met Viscountess Stonehaven, whose daughter the Hon. Diana Baird was dancing with her fiancé Mr. John Holman; they are getting married in Sussex next month.

Other young people dancing happily included Earl Bathurst, Lady Clarissa Duncombe gay and vivacious in flame coloured organza, Miss Caroline Yorke, Miss Julia Stonor, the Hon. George Beaumont, Miss Amber Leslie looking very attractive, the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Richard Westmacott, Miss Sally Hall, pretty in blue and white, Miss Christobel Carlyle dancing with Mr. Jack Sherston, the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, the Hon. Mary Anne Gretton, and Mr. Robin Hill and his fiancée the Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester.

★ ★ ★

THE Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, which was opened by the Duchess of Gloucester, has displayed more beautiful things than ever this year. The only complaint I heard was from would-be purchasers, that already on the opening day many of the pieces they were interested in had already been sold! Going round that afternoon I met the German Ambassador and Frau von Herwarth—he takes a keen interest in antique furniture—the Princess of Berar elegant in dark blue, Lady Cornwallis accompanied by Lady Keyes, Lady Delves Broughton with Lady Kilmarnock and Mrs. Laurence Rook, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson who were looking for a picture for their new home, and Sir Francis Peek, a true connoisseur who has an antique shop as well as many other interests in Nassau. He and his lovely wife who was with him had just arrived in England, and were off to Jersey a few days later.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE CHULA-CHAKRABONGSE of Thailand was chairman at a recent Foyle luncheon at the Dorchester to celebrate the publication of Signor Pietro Annigoni's book *Spanish Sketchbook*. He made the first speech after lunch, introducing some of the distinguished guests present. The Duke of Bedford followed, proposing the health of the brilliant Italian painter. During his speech he said that the guest of honour had done the finest picture of the Queen ever painted, to which everyone present agreed; Signor Annigoni replied in English, and finally the Spanish Ambassador spoke. Among the guests were several beautiful women including the Duchess of Argyll, the Duchess of Bedford, Miss Juanita Forbes, and Lady Butler, wife of Sir Thomas Butler who had just returned from a visit to Russia.

★ ★ ★

A SOLEMN, sincere and perfectly conducted service, beautiful music and lovely flowers marked the marriage at St. Michael's, Chester Square, of Mr. Peter Stoddart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Stoddart, and Miss Joanna Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adams. The Reverend Charles Roderick performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a beautifully cut white satin dress, her tulle veil held in place by a headdress of white lilac. Her only sister Miss Gillian Adams, wearing a dress of white nylon

[Continued overleaf]



AT ROYAL ASCOT

WITH traditional pageantry, Royal Ascot signalled the height of the London season. Above, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester in their coach



Mrs. Taya Wilcox from New York was also there



Miss Sally Butler was another of the racegoers



Mr. J. Gerber, the Sth. African owner, and Miss Angela Gerber



AT GLYNDEBOURNE

THE 1957 OPERA SEASON opened at Glyndebourne with Rossini's "L'Italiana In Algeri." Above: Air Cdre. P. G. Wykeham, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Wykeham and Mr. Phillip Powell took a picnic



Mrs. W. A. Linn, from the States, Mrs. Donald Green



Mr. M. Ostrer, Lady Wilmot, Mrs. Ostrer, Lord Wilmot



The Countess of Harewood, Mr. Angus Menzies and the Earl of Harewood discussed the opera

organza with a yellow sash and headdress of daisies, was the only grown-up bridesmaid, with the child attendants Simon Russell, Mary Ross, Simion de Quincey, Anne and David Woodd, and Vanessa and Cherida de Quincey, all cousins of the bride and bridegroom.

The bridegroom's brother, Mr. David Stoddart, who is doing his National Service with the 14/20th Hussars (as the bridegroom did), was best man, and the bride's brother Mr. John Adams headed a very efficient team of ushers, including Mr. Michael Stoddart, Mr. Tom Craig, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Jamie Judd, Mr. Malcolm Burr and Mr. Noel Hutchings.

AFTER the service the bride's parents, Mrs. Adams very good looking in a printed blue silk suit and little hat to match, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where, with the bridegroom's parents, they received the guests—nearly 600 relations and friends. Among them were Joanna's grandmother Mrs. de Quincey and Peter's two grandmothers Mrs. Stoddart and Mrs. Russell, senior. Also Col. and Mrs. Basil Woodd, whose two children were in the bridal retinue, Miss Phyllis Adams, a godmother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Russell, Major and Mrs. Phillimore, Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. Falconer Wright, Mrs. C. T. Sedgewick, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper and Mr. and Mrs. Roger de Quincey, and the bridegroom's aunt Mrs. George Lee and her husband, who had come over specially from their home Westwood, Massachusetts.

Other guests included Viscount Knutsford and his daughter the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert, Major Cecil Drabble, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bowring, Lord and Lady Lyle, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, and Michael and Charlotte Bowater, Sir Basil and Lady Eddis, the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Whaddon Chase, and his wife, Mrs. Pat Milligan, Mrs. Walter Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Russell, Mrs. George Wilkins, Mr. Alexander and Lady Ann Elliott, and their daughters Victoria and Patricia, Mr. and Mrs. Carron Scrimgeour, and Miss Lottie Tooth and Miss Lidgeley who were Peter and Joanna's faithful nannies. The bride's uncle, Mr. William Leuchars, proposed the health of the young couple, who later left for their honeymoon in Paris, Rome and Positano.

Photograph of the bridal couple will be found on page 702.

★ ★ ★

I SPENT a truly wonderful evening at Glyndebourne where the Festival Opera Season is in full swing until August 13. The gardens were as beautiful as ever in the brilliant sunshine of a perfect summer evening, as we strolled round, like everyone else, in evening dress before the opera began. The production that night was Rossini's *L'Italiana In Algeri* sung in Italian, conducted by Vittorio Gui, and very well produced by Peter Ebert. It is a light and colourful affair for which Osbert Lancaster has done the designs. The leading rôles are being sung by Italians, Paolo Montarsolo and Antonietta Pastori, Spanish Juan Oncina, and Mexican Oralia Dominguez.

I was so glad to see that outstanding personality Mr. John Christie, who with his late wife created the Glyndebourne opera season around their lovely home. Incidentally, the arrangements for dinner in the interval are now excellent. We had a delicious three-course dinner served with care and very quickly, so that there was ample time for another stroll in the grounds before the curtain went up for Act II of the opera.



Lady Bigham, the Countess of Albemarle and Mr. Derek Hill walking in the fine gardens

Van Hallan



The drivers spring for their cars for the start of the Sports Car Race

THE CHEQUERED FLAG

AT GOODWOOD a large crowd of motor-racing enthusiasts enjoyed exciting races and fine weather at the B.A.R.C. Meeting held on Whit Monday. Among the events was a Ladies' Race won by Mrs. Averil Scott Moncrieff in a Lotus

Mr. R. Wentworth Fitzwilliam with Miss Patsy Burt



Mr. Jim Meikle at the rear of his pulse-jet powered Cooper



Mrs. Margaret Ashby at the wheel of her Leco-M.G. before the Ladies' Race



Miss June Lindsay-Bowman and Miss Pat Kennard closing their ears to the Cooper Jet



*Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. A. Scott Moncrieff and
the Duchess of Richmond*



*Miss Armande Dellamaria
and Mr. R. Gordon*



Mr. Mike Hawthorn, the noted British racing motorist, and Miss Carol Seyd

HOMER'S ISLAND

N. E. BUXTON writes of the beauty of Chios, legendary birthplace of Homer, nursery of sailors, and only twelve hours by twice-weekly steamer from Piraeus

I LAY on the grass beside the pool that is fed by the stream from the hills. I had kept company with the stream for three miles or more, following the old road that Constantine made into the heart of the island. Suddenly the sound of a siren came up to me from the coast. I started, and looked at my watch. The time was a little past four in the afternoon and my ship was not due to sail for Piraeus for another three hours; yet only the largest boats announce so loudly their arrival at Chios, so I got to my feet, and—though the sun was hot—hurried on into the town.

I reached the quay and boarded the steamer with only three minutes to spare before the winches began to haul on the anchor, heading us out to sea. There was no point in protesting that the schedule had been ignored; that we had sailed at five instead of seven, and that no proper warning had been given. The ship had arrived early from Mytilini, so it was leaving early for the port of Athens. What could be more reasonable? Chios is too close to the Orient for anyone to bother about niceties of time.

Geographically, Chios does not belong to Greece at all. I used to stand on the balcony of my waterfront hotel and watch the sun rise from behind the hills that are less than twenty miles away on the Turkish shore. Small wonder that Turk should have followed Persian, and Macedonian, and Athenian, and Roman, and Venetian and Genoese in the invasion of this, the richest of the Aegean islands.

And three hundred years of Turkish occupation have left their mark. A minaret dominates the main square. The archaeological museum occupies an old Turkish mosque; and there, in front of the yard where the broken marbles, the scraps of statuary, lie crowded in tantalizing anonymity grows a tree on which the Turks hung Chiot hostages during the rebellion of 1822.

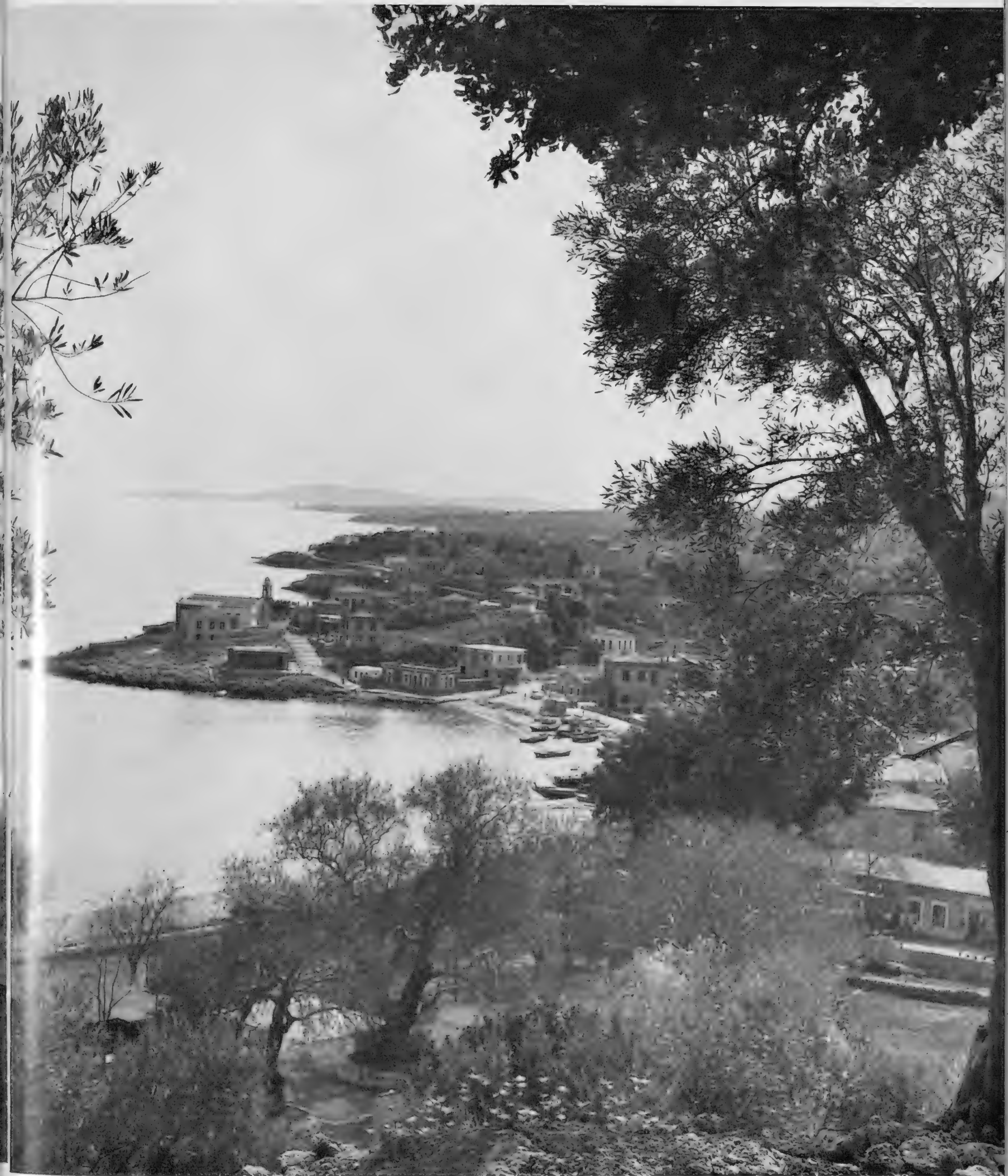
The chief object of interest on the island is the Monastery of Nea Moni, an eleventh-century foundation which contains some of the most remarkable mosaics in Greece.

So says one of my books on Greece in a passing reference to Chios. Well, that is true, but it is not true enough. It does not, for example, say that Nea Moni lies hidden in a cradle of the mountains, and that to reach it you must walk for miles through the pine woods, and that the trees will sing to you, enchant you, tempt you to stay. Nor does it tell how, when one first sees the monastery from the terraced hillside where the olives grow, one is so awed by the beauty of the place that one speaks more quietly, treads more softly, pays instant tribute to the peace that reigns there; hesitates almost, as if afraid to disturb the devotions of the monks who have long since gone.

A quality of half-dreaming repose conditions all my memories of the island. In the Cambos, the great citrus growing area near the coast, one comes across the remains of old mansions that were once the elegant homes of rich landowners and merchants. They are set in gardens where the paths are overgrown, where the loggias are mounds of tumbled stone, and where the ornamental ponds have been dry and uncared for these 150 years. Yet one does not sense the violence and misery that drove their owners into exile. If there are ghosts they are kindly ones; they are not embittered.

You will not find Chios on the lists of ordinary Aegean cruises. Chios is no place for the tourist who is gregarious, or seeking after culture, or uneasy without his airmail edition of the English newspapers. It is for the person to whom an hotel can mean no more than a place of lodging for the night and a place to leave one's luggage during the day. It is for travellers who, with time to spare, could have missed that boat for Piraeus and been glad because it meant two more days by the sea; two more days by themselves; two more days on an island where time is measured only by sunrise and sunset and an ever deepening tan.





Roundabout

THE TOPPER'S DARK PAST

WHAT with Lord's and Ascot, and June weddings, this is the time of year for the top-hat, that convenient symbol of high life and lush living to cartoonists on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

In the United States, to be "high hat" is to be offensively large and grand; in Moscow's satirical sheets, every Wall Street-Imperialist Gangster is glossy tiled.

How odd, then, to discover—as I have only just discovered, in a long-ago article by Christopher Sykes, kinsman of Edward VII's ill-starred crony of the same name, that the top-hat was first donned in western Europe as a symbol of revolutionary fervour.

The steeple-hat of the Puritans that had disappeared from Britain in the Merry Monarch's time had lingered on in New England, and when the infant United States sent its first ambassadors to London and to Paris, the story goes, those Englishmen who admired George Washington and detested George III put up steeple-hats of a sort, in their honour, instead of the conventional three-cornered hats of the time. Rather in the same way that a defiantly radical country gentleman in Keir Hardie's day might have worn a cloth cap or a red tie, with which to shock his fellow-squires.

It has been suggested that it was that much-revered member of Brooks's, Charles James Fox, who first wore a top-hat at some Georgian Ascot meeting, in a fit of anti-monarchical ardour. If so, his shade must smile a little, from whatever celestial gaming-table it at present haunts, to see that his modern counterparts, tall-hatted, throng the Royal Enclosure, the very pink of convention and propriety.

Regency bucks took so quickly to the ceremonial cylinder that a ballad of the period, included in that rollicking new collection *The Common Muse*, has a tight-laced, top-hatted dandy sing:

My stays are lac'd so tight, that I'm forc'd to walk upright,
My chin pok'd out, my neck-cloth neat and handy O,
My whiskers neatly trimm'd, and my hat so narrow rimm'd,
My spurs are all the kick, I'm quite a Dandy O.

You can see just such a figure, all hat, whiskers and neckcloth, in many a Gillray cartoon, strutting up St. James's Street to White's, or down to Boodle's.

BY the time that Edward VII came to the throne—so I have been reading in Thomas Sidney's new book on *Heirs Apparent*—top-hats were so much the thing, and at every social occasion, that it took the King himself to introduce "low hats," which is to say bowlers, at race-meetings other than Ascot and Epsom.

It was this same monarch's spreading bald patch at the back, I learn in the same work, and his anxiety to conceal it, that led to his hatter's making him a top-hat that was deeper towards the back than at the front—a model long known as "the Edward top-hat" in France, where racegoers are a dressy lot, as you can see at Longchamp and Chantilly.

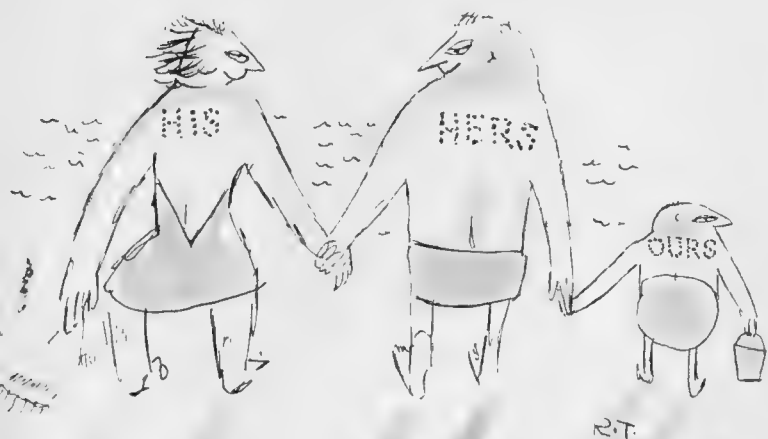
What surprises me is that the top-hat survives at all in the modern world. One would have expected the motor car of our time to have killed it stone dead: is there any post-war model that really has enough head-room to accommodate it? I am far from being a six-footer, and yet I cannot get into or out of my own car without scarring and bruising even a bowler; a grey topper has to be nursed on my knee, or reverently deposited on the back seat.

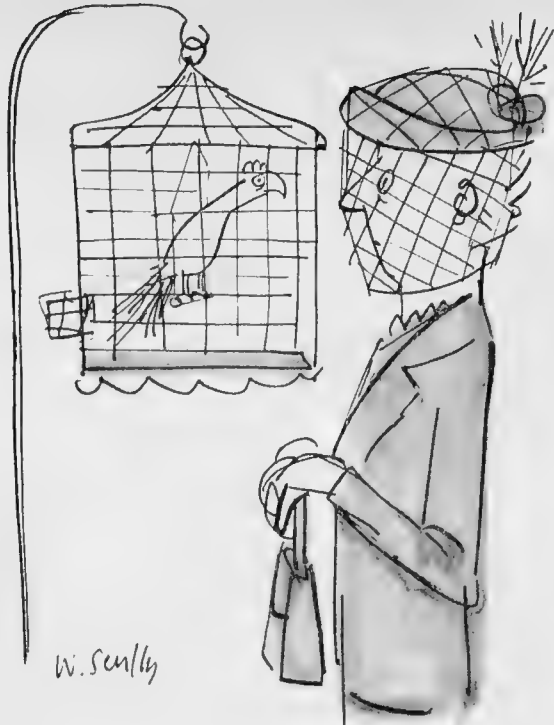
As the roads of Britain become ever more congested, and parking space in the cities prohibitively expensive, so that we all take to scooters and bubble-shaped midgets, we shall have to think entirely afresh about headgear. It may well be that a revived eighteenth-century tricorn would be just the thing—low-crowned, yet elegant, (how becoming the tricorn is to a pretty Wren officer!)—for occasions too smart for cloth caps or berets, and in spaces too restricted for bowlers.

Black silk hats could then be finally abandoned to undertakers



DONALD WOLFIT, who has played leading parts in a vast number of successful plays, and has created a tradition of his own in the production and playing of Elizabethan drama, was created a Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours in recognition of his services to the theatre. He and his wife (Rosalind Iden) are seen at their Hampshire cottage, near Andover





RANDOM HARVEST

"Ernie" has spoken! Bend a knee
Before the new gentility
He dubs by numbers. Millions try
His bloodless accolade to buy
With premium bonds and pray he'll be
Articulate electronically.

—Jean Stanger

and their sombre lieutenants, and grey toppers given up, like many a wartime souvenir tin hat, to the sedulous cultivation of indoor plants.

TALKING of cars reminds me that I succeeded, the other day, in locking myself out of my own—with the key in the ignition, all the windows up, the louvres snapped shut, and the doors locked. I still can't quite work out how I managed it. All I do know is that it makes a man look uncommonly foolish, and that passers-by are quick to notice the fact.

However, I took a taxi to the nearest garage that I knew to be an agent for the make, in the hope of a duplicate key. Bless me, they said, they didn't need a *key*! And, sure enough, a man with a pointed metal hook and a loop of copper wire opened a louvre that was firmly fastened on the inside, and reached successfully into the interior. No sign of damage, either, to the rubber sealing of the window.

The skilled cracksman gave me a wink as he performed his operation, and said, "Now don't you go telling everybody how it's done."

Well, I won't. But I can't help thinking that it's a trick worth knowing, if ever I'm down on my luck, and people go on leaving mink coats, gold-mounted umbrellas, and expensive-looking suitcases on the back seats of locked cars. It's just a matter of getting my hands on one of those right-angled hooks with a point. . . .

★ ★ ★

LONDON seems full, already, of visitors from far away—crew-cut Americans in lightweight clothes, hung about with cameras (so passionately devoted to recording everything that ever happens

to them, indeed, that I suspect some of them of concealing tape-recorders, too, about their persons); Germans with their noses glued to their guide books; and those deliciously glowing Swedish, Danish and Norwegian girls, all looking as if they had just that moment bathed, powdered, and been crisply clothed in freshly laundered linen.

I wonder, though, how often we correctly identify the tourists we see about. Language and looks can both be misleading. There are gutterals elsewhere than in Germany, and some of the most golden blondes I have ever seen came from North Italy.

IN Norway I have been promptly identified as an Englishman, and before I opened my mouth; it turned out to have been purely by the cut of my coat. And there are parts of Italy, where to be a foreigner is to be assumed to be a German, and to turn out to be English, after all, is flatteringly exciting.

I wonder, sometimes, whether I was being taken for an Englishman or an American when, as I walked over the bridge by the British Embassy in Moscow, a crocodile of pigtailed schoolgirls, in the white aprons and red hair-ribbons of the Pioneers—Communist Brownies, so to speak—called out "Good moarnink!" to me, very prettily. And what diabolical Western mischief they thought I had been up to, such as writing rude words on the Kremlin wall.

In Paris, I have walked into a shop, asked for some gewgaw, and been hailed at once as an Italian. Which I decided to take, I must admit, as a compliment to my French. An Italian accent isn't all that much admired in Paris, but it's a little nearer to the real thing, I like to think, than an English one.

—Cyril Ray



BRIGGS



by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JUNE 26,
1957
678*



*Mr. Norman Cosgrave, Miss Phillada Nunneley,
Miss Mary Hays and Mr. Peter de Boulay*

*Sir Giles and Lady Loder who had lent their
house for the dance*

A DEBUT IN SUSSEX

MRS. ROBERT CALVERT gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Julia Calvert, at Leonardslee, Horsham, home of Sir Giles and Lady Loder. Below: The Hon. Martin Parsons dancing with Miss Julia Calvert



*Miss A. Seely, Miss Gay Lowson, the Earl of Suffolk,
the Hon. Lady Lowson and Sir Denys Lowson*



*Miss Wendy Ede dancing
with Mr. Tim Shoosmith*

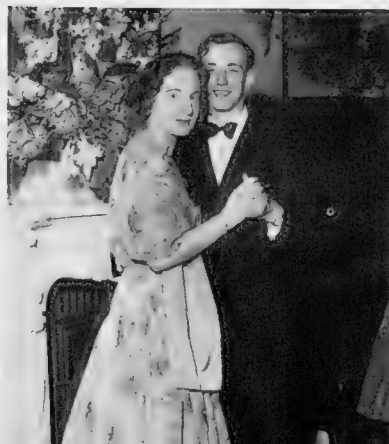


*Mr. David Benson talking to
Miss Diana Whitefield*

*Miss Felicity Ann Hall and
Mr. Terence Branch*

*Mr. Michael Hodson and Miss
Ann Hood*

A. V. Swaabe



A DANCE IN NORFOLK

LADY RAWLINSON, Mrs. Bryan Case, and Mrs. Ellis Thistleton-Smith gave a dance for their daughters, Miss Sarah Rawlinson, Miss Joanna Thistleton-Smith and Miss Victoria Case, at Heydon Hall



Miss Carol Ann Cole, Miss Janet Hankin, Mr. John Knill and Mr. Kit Sharman at this very successful dance



Miss Joanna Thistleton-Smith, Miss Victoria Case and Miss Sarah Rawlinson, the debutantes for whom the party was given



Among those sitting on the stairs were Miss Sally Heywood, Mr. T. Finch, Miss Sarah Jewson, Miss Gillian Grattan-Bellew, Miss Aurea Battiscombe, Mr. Buscall and Mr. D. Nickerson

Mr. Julian Bell and Miss Gillian Green Mr. Richard Turrall and Miss Jane Huelin

Van Hallen



Mrs. Bryan Case with Sir Frederick and Lady Rawlinson, who live at Heydon Hall

Miss Gillian Chatterton-Dickson, Mr. Michael Rickett

Mr. Kenwyn Wright and Miss Anita de Chair





PRINCE PHILIP visited Germany recently for the wedding of his niece, Princess Margarita of Baden, to Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia (above)

PISSARRO'S "Pique-nique a Montmorency," signed and dated 1858, is on show in an exhibition of Modern French Masters, which will be open till September at the O'Hana Gallery, Carlos Place



Priscilla in Paris

CIVIC BRAINWAVES

THE French enjoy making harmless fun of those set in civic authority over them, be they cops or corporations! Having lived in this lovely city so long I fear that I share this weakness, and the doings of our City Fathers have not always been set down on this glossy page with all the deference that I really feel is due to them.

Today, however, it is good to record that Paris is overcome with gratitude to the municipal personages who have decided to build a giant garage-and-carpark there where it will do most good. One thousand cars will find shelter and be welcomed "in order of priority," and this in the heart of "luxury Paris" within a hundred yards or so of the rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme, the rue de Rivoli and the avenue de l'Opéra. Think, O wealthy visitors from across the seas, how pleasant it will be to find parking space in those congested areas while the wife is busy with her vanity merchants who lurk round every corner thereabouts. The basements of the building are to serve as atom-bomb-proof shelters. It is not said how their efficacy will be proved which, no doubt, is just as well. I prefer to take them on trust till the great day arrives . . . but, anyway, if it ever arrives—which God forbid—I shall go and sit on a roof believing very strongly that: "The sooner t's over, the sooner to sleep"!

MEANWHILE the foundation stone has been laid and the dear little old Marché Saint-Honoré is no more. I do not know whether the smell of the super brands of petrol is more in harmony with this *de luxe* quarter of Paris than the odour of ripe Cantaloupe on a warm day, but the housewives who actually live above (or under) luxury shops will regret their so convenient market! It was but a modest bartering haunt, but it gives place to a towering, monumental garage. This, of course, is as it should be but . . . just one moment, the mere flutter of an eyelid while we drop a tear.

THE longest queue formed by stay-in-town Parisians this Whitsuntide Monday was not to be found outside a theatre or a cinema; it trailed from the entrance of the Musée de l'Orangerie down the ramp of the Tuileries gardens almost to the Place de la Concorde. Even a sharp, thundery rainstorm did not discourage art lovers eager to see the magnificent collection of pictures that Mr. Robert Lehmann of New York has loaned to France. The fact that the treasures of a private owner are exhibited at a national picture gallery is eloquent of the gratitude felt for the loan. The guide books may call the Orangerie a museum if it makes them happy, but it is really an exhibition hall and one of the finest in Paris.

The lighting and the proportions of the rooms are perfect and if, on such an occasion as this, one has to wait before one can squeeze through the turnstiles, it is far more pleasant, at this time of the year, to do so environed with greenery rather than bricks and plaster.

The splendour of the Italian primitives was fervently admired, but the holiday crowd seemed to be more at home with the Renoirs and one heard the purring, appreciative murmur that Renoir invariably suscitates. His "Young Girls Bathing," that most people have only seen in reproduction, is a piece of work in his most luscious manner. Van Gogh's "Madame Roulin" also raised a murmur, but the recent film, with Kirk Douglas in the title rôle, may have had something to do with that!

Les fidèles

- The late Henri Duvernois on hearing surprise expressed at the fidelity shown by one of his friends to a very disagreeable wife is reported to have said: "He is not faithful to her but to the love he once bore her."



Mike Davis

A GREAT WATER COLOURIST AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., P.R.W.S., is shown at work with a model in his beautiful and practical studio in Peel Street, W.8. He is our senior academic painter in water colours and the acknowledged supreme master of his craft for over thirty years. His first notable work as an illustrator was Mallory's "Morte D'Arthur," but of recent years he has shown himself a most amiable and witty author-illustrator, as his recent works "Models of Propriety" and "Minxes Admonished" bear witness. At seventy-six Sir William is still an indefatigable traveller, Spain being his favourite foreign painting ground. Connoisseurs also rate his Highland landscapes and his sun-drenched beaches in Brittany, particularly around St. Malo, as amongst his finest work

At the Theatre

THE SNAGS OF A SEABOARD UTOPIA OF SONG



"FREE AS AIR" (Savoy Theatre). Mr. Mutch (Roy Godfrey), Lord Paul Postumous (Michael Aldridge), resident aristocrat on an unspoiled Utopian Channel Island, and Mr. Potter (Howard Goorney) get involved in a song and dance furore when the island's happy innocence is threatened by sophisticated intruders. Below: Dorothy Reynolds as Miss Catamole, Gillian Lewis as a fleeing heiress, and Gerald Harper as Jack Amersham, her caddish suitor. Drawings by Glan Williams



THE thrush is free to sing his song twice over. I fancy that the authors of *Salad Days* would have been happy to do the same. But they have had to try to recapture the first fine careless rapture of their singing in a new song—or in a song with at least some claims to be regarded as a new one. It was hardly to be expected that they would strike a second time the utterly carefree note of unsophisticated charm. And they haven't; yet all things considered, Miss Dorothy Reynolds and Mr. Julian Slade have done a pretty good job of work.

Free As Air at the Savoy frankly imitates the simple style of the piece that has won fame and fortune on the other side of the Strand, and the imitation inevitably lacks the quality of unexpectedness that gave the original its twang of surprise. A more serious lack is the lack of spontaneity. The authors this time give the impression, not of being engaged in an artless improvisation that comes out marvellously well seemingly by accident, but of carefully manipulating a formula. It is a formula of their own invention, but the trouble with any formula is that it takes the eyes of its manipulator away from life. *Salad Days* was a spring song about youth; *Free As Air*, on the other hand, is Arcadian whimsy.

AN imaginary Channel island, Terhou, has managed somehow to dodge the benefits of modern civilization. The islanders are simple folk and some of them are rather silly, but all except one, a love-lorn girl who "wants a man from the mainland," have the instinctive good sense to resist sophistication, a disease which, they vaguely gather, kills all hope of happiness in the rest of the world. "Let the grass grow under your feet" is the islanders' philosophy and Mr. Slade gives it expression in an enchanting lyric.

Most of his other lyrics, though catchily sentimental, tend to monotony. They celebrate the joy of breathing early morning island air, the wisdom of forgetting what it is painful to remember, the happy calm of being where there is nothing but sea and sky and suchlike simple delights. It is a pleasant piping of songs of innocence, and the pleasantness begins to cloy as suspicion grows that the innocence is more of a literary affectation than real. Matters are not improved by the jokes. They are resolutely pure-minded jokes, but all the same some of them are truly terrible.

THE story is harmless but never at any point exciting. An heiress fleeing from press persecution and a caddish racing driver takes refuge in the island, but her lover and a keen female newshawk are swift on her trail. She is more sorry for the threatened island than for herself. What can she do to keep its purity inviolate? She can get rid of her fortune, thus ridding herself at one stroke of the female newshawk and her insufferably conceited lover. She is thus free to marry where she will and to be crowned queen of the island, so closing the tuneful complications on a classic note.

A cast without stars handles this simple, pleasant stuff agreeably. Miss Gillian Lewis has a cool manner which has the effect of detaching the heroine from the worst sentimentalities of her situation, and she sings her songs very nicely. Miss Patricia Bredin is natural and spirited as an island girl craving for sophistication but shying away from it as soon as it comes near her. Mr. John Trevor presents the island lover's romantic simplicity sympathetically; Mr. Gerald Harper tactfully subdues the arrogances of the dashing racing driver; Mr. Michael Aldridge poises the local aristocrat on the knife edge between good heartedness and absurdity; and Miss Dorothy Reynolds herself as the patient spinster gives a lovely performance. Mr. Denis Carey directs the comic idyll with discerning taste and imaginative skill.

—Anthony Cookman



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JUNE 26,
1957
683*

Sir Laurence Olivier as Titus; this production, a theatrical landmark, was seen at Stratford in 1955

Vivien Leigh as Lavinia; she and her husband have been widely acclaimed for their fine acting in this play



STRATFORD'S TRIUMPH

"TITUS ANDRONICUS," with direction, decor and music by Peter Brook, has opened at the Stoll Theatre after a triumphal tour in Europe. Above: Maxine Audley as Tamora, Titus's enemy

Anthony Quayle, one of the foremost exponents of Shakespeare as an actor and a producer, plays Aaron



Angus McBean



The
TATLEN
and
Bystander
JUNE 26
1957
684

Miss J. Nash and Wond
won the Pall Mall



Mrs. M. H. Toft on
winners of the Ladies'
Elizabeth Downs on Ladogan
Miss Sybil Smith in the Lead



SUNSHINE CROWNED ROYAL RICHMOND

THE climatic ill-fortune which has dogged Richmond Royal Horse Show so often was this year handsomely compensated for by three days of brilliant weather, which also quite offset the effect of the fire which destroyed the grandstand. The huge attendances saw superb horses and riding throughout

The Duke of Norfolk, President of the Show, the Duchess of Norfolk, and H.R.H. Princess Alice

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Oliver and Mrs. Bryan Marshall were among the well-known riders





Mr. Richard Dimpleby with his
children, Jonathan and Sally Patricia

Countess Fortescue hands the Richmond Cup
for cobs to Mr. Peate on Mrs. Clask's Whitsun



Mr. Douglas Bunn on his grey Sabrina Fair competing in
the Grade C jumping event

Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the
Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, with Quiet Lady





MICHAEL THRUBSHAWE as Col. Charles Frobishire, and Anita Sharp Bolster as the Colonel's wife are protestingly evicted from a First Class carriage to make way for a goat in *The Rising Of The Moon*, three Irish stories

At the Pictures

THIS HEROINE IS A HOST IN HERSELF

ROBERT MITCHUM as a rough diamond American Marine, and Deborah Kerr as a nun, find their very different worlds drawn together, when, alone on a Pacific island, they fight for survival against the Japanese



FROM my remote childhood I seem to recall a riddle concerning "Elizabeth, Liza, Betty and Bess" who "all went out to rob a bird's nest": how was it that after the raid the mother bird found only a single egg gone? Because these four naughty girls were really just one, of course, silly. It used to rhyme in the old days but I forget just how. Still, it gave me the clue to what was happening in *Lizzie*—a rather trying piece, directed with a heavy hand by Mr. Hugo Haas.

Miss Eleanor Parker, as Elizabeth, a mopey museum worker, receives threatening notes from somebody signing herself "Lizzie," and wonders who on earth this can be. I could have told her straight off, but it's left to a psychiatrist, Mr. Richard Boone. He identifies Miss Parker as a case of split personality. Sometimes she's the wretched Elizabeth, sometimes she's Lizzie—a ferocious slut who swigs Bourbon and accosts men in bars, but at heart, as revealed under deep hypnosis, she is Beth—a terribly nice, normal girl.

Her bibulous aunt (adorable Miss Joan Blondell) finds the complicated Miss Parker a bit of a trial and is for taking a baseball bat and swatting a little sense into all three of her—but Mr. Boone persuades her to co-operate with him: by reconstructing a scene from Miss Parker's past, it may be possible to bring out the Beth in her.

Confronted with a birthday cake on which a dozen lighted candles wink knowingly, Elizabeth, in tears, re-lives what the synopsis primly describes as "a shocking episode of her childhood," Lizzie, in a rage, lights out for her bedroom and smashes the triptych looking-glass on her dressing-table—and down the stairs walks the liberated Beth, to everybody's delighted astonishment, except mine.

MR. WALT DISNEY, still pinning his faith on live actors, presents *Westward Ho The Wagons*—an agreeable, straight-forward Western which children, in particular, will appreciate. Mr. Fess Parker, minus his coon-skin hat, and Mr. Jeff York, leading a pioneer wagon-train across the CinemaScope prairie to remote Oregon, rout a horde of hostile Pawnee Indians by stampeding a herd of wild horses into their ranks, and endear themselves to the friendly Sioux by saving the life of the big chief's son.

The merest smidge of romance is provided by Miss Kathleen Crowley, who gives Mr. Parker his first screen kiss: he receives it with the expression of one who has bitten a quince in mistake for a pear—which will prove to all small boys that he is a he-man like themselves.

Lord Killanin, Mr. John Ford, the director, and Mr. Tyrone Power, the actor, are responsible for *The Rising Of The Moon*—and may heaven forgive them for I never will. It consists of three separate short films—"The Majesty Of The Law," in which a noble ould rascal courteously consents to go to gaol to oblige the police inspector, Mr. Cyril Cusack; "A Minute's Wait," which shows why the trains in Eire never run on time—and "1921," in which a couple of actresses disguised as nuns rescue a patriot from the dastardly Black and Tans.

The stage Oirish of it is surely enough to curdle the milk. Give me the painful honesty of *The Informer* (Mr. Ford's early masterpiece) or the fierce bitterness of *The Playboy Of The Western World*—but spare me this sort of nauseating goo. The Irish half of me was revolted and I only sat through the film because in the Scottish half of me dwells a stern sense of duty.

I UNDERSTAND that a number of people have been somewhat shocked by *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*—but I really can't think why. It is about a beautiful and decorous young nun (Miss Deborah Kerr, with a slight but not distracting Irish accent) and a rough but decent U.S. marine (Mr. Robert Mitchum, more animated than usual) who are thrown together on a Pacific desert island during the last war.

Each respects the other's dedication to something bigger than themselves—"I got the Corps like you got the Church," is the way Mr. Mitchum puts it—and though forced by the dramatic arrival of Japanese troops to live in the closest proximity in a cave, neither suffers anything more than a slight embarrassment and considerable discomfort.

The moment has to come when Mr. Mitchum, drunk on saki, makes a pass at Miss Kerr, but he is so genuinely repentant afterwards that she readily forgives him—and so should everybody else. The film is over-long but admirably directed by Mr. John Huston.

—Elspeth Grant



A JOYOUS BURDEN

DANA WILSON, an enchanting eight-year-old, as she appears in the title role of Buster in *The Shiralee*. The Aboriginal word "shiralee" means a burden, and Buster is the burden borne by her father who, as he walks and works his way across Australia, finds her an exasperating but lovable responsibility. Peter Finch plays the reluctant father, and Elizabeth Sellars the mother

Photograph by Roy Gough

Book Reviews

EDWARDIAN LIONESS

THE new Elizabeth Taylor novel, **Angel** (Peter Davies, 15s.) is a terrifying tale of a dream come true. Few of us do live out, in later years, the high-flying fantasies of our adolescence—were we called upon to do so, how should we stay the course? Yet exactly this is the fate of Miss Taylor's heroine. To Angel Deverell is accorded celebrity, wealth and (at least in her own eyes) glamour on a scale even *she* had not pictured at fifteen!

Which says much. For the future best-selling novelist is, when first we meet her, in 1900, a builder of fabulous castles in the air. The ungainly schoolgirl, black-haired, green-eyed and with a prominent nose, has a bad name: she boasts, she idles, she lies enormously. Miss Deverell is a nobody—and hates being one! She is the only child of a widowed mother who keeps a small grocer's shop in a back street of a provincial town. Her aunt, frank critic of Angel's failings, is lady's maid at nearby Paradise Hall—a mansion which looms large in Angel's dream-world.

What more natural than that compensation-fantasies should overflow into secret authorship? Angel's teenage first novel fills an exercise-book with purple patches and torrid love scenes. And, after several rejections, it finds a publisher; and not only that but an eager public. The cruel fact that the book's been launched to provide a glorious giggle for the sophisticated is, of course, kept from the young author. Angel, who from this moment never looks back, continues to take her vocation *au grand sérieux*. And happily there are thousands of humbler readers who react to her work in good faith, as she does herself.

MORE than one of our genius-classics of British fiction have come from the pens of lonely, high-powered girls. Miss Taylor, however, makes it ruthlessly clear that Angel Deverell is no re-born Brontë: her inspiration resembles, if anything, that of the late Mrs. Amanda Ross—whose *Delinah Delaney*, and others, enjoyed a vogue for reasons the lady never suspected. And, rightly, the high peak of Angel's career has been placed in the naïve Edwardian period—her "daring" episodes would now, alas, seem blameless. In the later chapters of *Angel*, as years go by (for the narrative catches up with today) we watch twilight settle on the career.

But what a career, while it had its run! And self-delusion, somehow, does not detract from our heroine's dauntless if freakish dignity. Only a novelist as first-rate as Elizabeth Taylor could have depicted, and told the story of, one as altogether fifth-rate as Angel Deverell without cheap mockery, almost at times with awe.

THE second book of Verily Anderson—author of the unforgettable *Spam Tomorrow*—is called **Our Square** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 16s.). I think it enough to say nobody's faithful hopes will be disappointed. Young-married domesticity today has by no means worn down Mrs. Anderson's powers: she sustains that breathless, batty, non-stop monologue style which gave both flavour and fury to *Spam Tomorrow*. This autobiographical narrative picks up where its predecessor left off, with our author, her husband Donald and two children (there are to be several more) moving into a house in a leafy square somewhere in London, W.8.

The house (unlike the Andersons) having been badly bomb-shaken, it still swarms with workmen—whom they aim to eject. This fails to be realized for some time, and the life-with-the-workmen comedy is as good as any. The cast includes young-married neighbours, and paying guests: one of the latter bursts into flames. Hospital scenes are many in *Our Square*: Mrs. Anderson has what amounts to genius for dovetailing terror into what might seem farce. She has also the power to make one feel that nothing is too good (or bad) to be true. Example: the goat at the rectory fête. She's unique, and I find her a youthful ornament to our day and age. You, having rioted through *Our Square*, will join with me in hoping there's more to come.

—Elizabeth Bowen



RIGGING traced against the sky, an illustration from "Ghosts On The Sea-Line," by A. A. Hurst, the story of the great square-rigged sailing ships (Cassell, 30s.)



RICHARD TARLETON, Elizabethan clown and jester. This woodcut (above) appears in "The Irresistible Theatre," (Volume 1) by W. Bridges-Adams (Secker & Warburg, 42s.)

A ROOKERY of king penguins photographed during the British South Georgia Expedition described in "Glacier Island," by George Sutton (Chatto & Windus, 21s.)

JUANA, the Mad One, mother of Emperor Charles V, a portrait (below) reproduced in "The Conquistadors," by Jean Descola (George Allen & Unwin, 30s.)





CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH IN OLD MADEIRA

The timeless quality of an old peasant woman and a young child is beautifully recorded by the camera of Antony Armstrong Jones. The photograph was taken in a back street of Funchal five years ago when this young photographer was on location for *The TATLER*, his first assignment for any journal. An exhibition of his work opens today at Kodak House, Kingsway, where he has re-designed the showrooms so that the photographs, many of them greatly enlarged, are strikingly presented



Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

DEAS IN TOWELLING

'TURKISH' towelling, a fabric extensively used for beachwear, is adaptable, absorbent and quick drying, and uncrushable. Left: A wrap-around beach robe in apricot coloured towelling. The fabric has been skilfully cut and moulded to make this wrap an attractive dress with a becoming neckline. £6 16s. 6d. at Simpsons. Right: This full-length beach cape enables one to struggle in and out of a bathing suit with the minimum of discomfort, should it be necessary to change on the beach. In orange towelling, it falls from a wide neck band, and costs 14½ gns. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge





ABOVE: Harlequin jacket and shorts in blue, red and yellow towelling. The boat-necked jacket falls wide and loose over brief shorts, £10 2s., red straw hat, 12s. 6d. They come from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street



LEFT: Playsuit and hooded jacket from Italy, made in a pure silk eastern print of ceremonial elephants, black, gold and white on a turquoise ground, £29 8s. at Harrods, Knightsbridge

RIGHT: A cool and neat shirt in pink cotton weave piped in white is worn over a pair of matching shorts, the shirt has wide short sleeves and patch pockets. 6 gns. and 79s. 6d., at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

TIME FOR PLAY





Michel Molinare

Sleek for swimming and sunbathing

LEFT: A three-piece bathing suit in red and grey satin Lastex consisting of brief, bikini-like pants and bra and a pretty camisole top (seen in the photograph). Price £16 5s. 6d.; the charming beach hat, 32s. 6d. Obtainable at Simpson



ABOVE: A plain classic bathing suit in coral Lastex batiste by Jantzen is worn with a very attractive Italian beach jacket in coral flower printed heavy white cotton. The bathing suit costs £3 15s. and the jacket £9 18s.; both are available at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1



LEFT: A cotton elasticated swim-suit and matching beachcoat in blue and white cotton printed with a bright yellow starfish. The loose cover-up jacket is collared and cuffed in yellow towelling—a very useful jacket to slip on after a bathe. £9 at Liberty's



John Adriaan

RED is the theme of the selection of beach-wear shown on these pages; this gay colour looks attractive on a pale skin at the beginning of a holiday and marvellous once a tan is acquired. Below: a beautifully cut, well-fitting American swimsuit in deep red knitted rayon lastex, £5 10s. 6d., worn with a shady straw hat, £1 13s. 6d. Left: Over the swimsuit is worn a tomato coloured towelling beach cape edged and tied in black, 5 gns. Right: This deep red Paisley cotton two-piece consists of slim, brief shorts and casually tailored shirt. Price 8 gns. All obtainable from Lillywhites, Regent Street

DOWN BY THE SEA

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

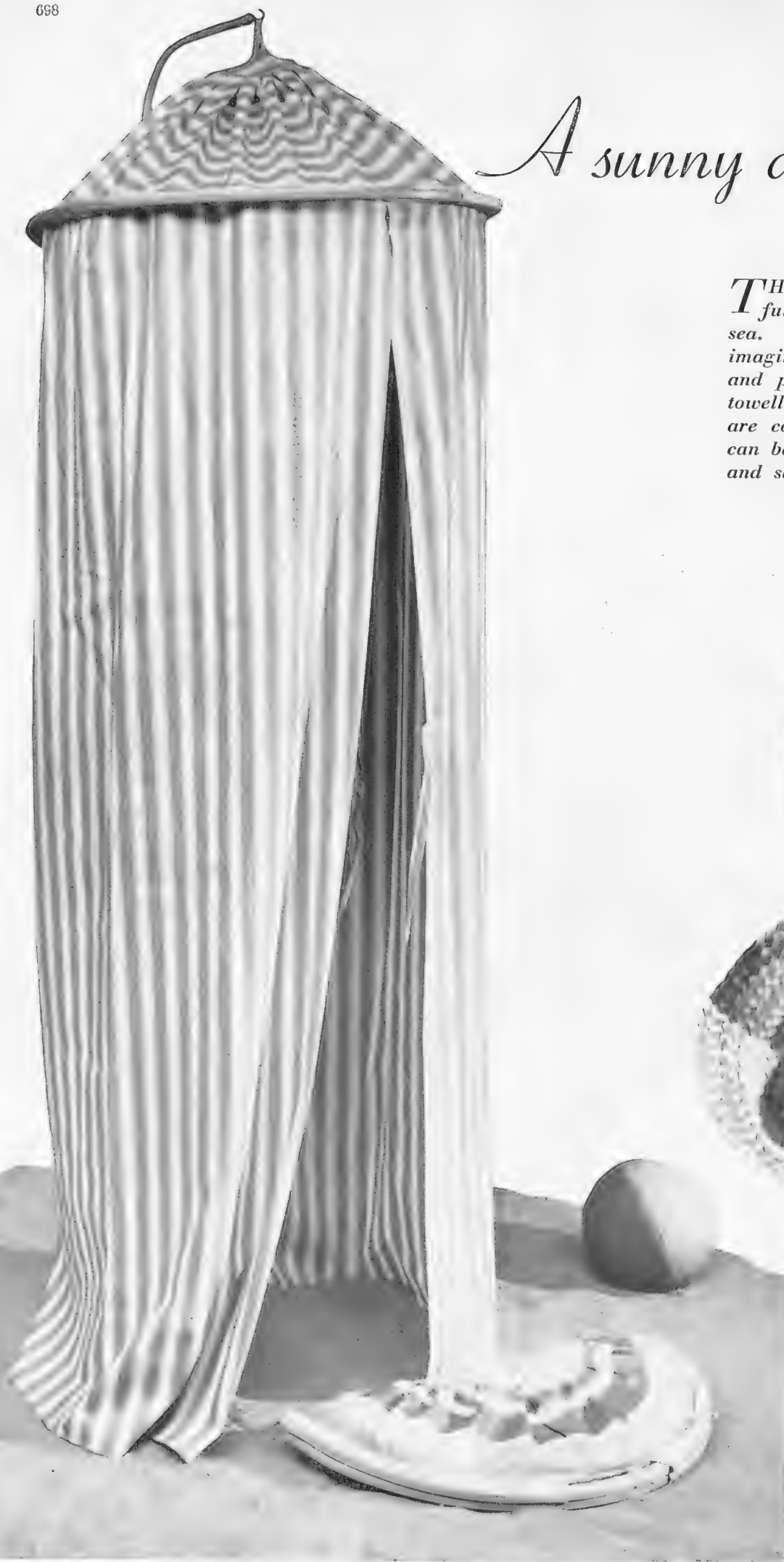




A sunny day on the beach

THE CAREFREE holiday spirit can be given full rein when you spend a day beside the sea. Beach clothes are now designed with imaginative skill in the use of bright colours and patterns and resilient fabrics, such as towelling, canvas and straw. Beach accessories are correspondingly gay and glamorous, as can be seen from the selection of hats, bags and sandals which is shown on these pages

—JEAN CLELAND

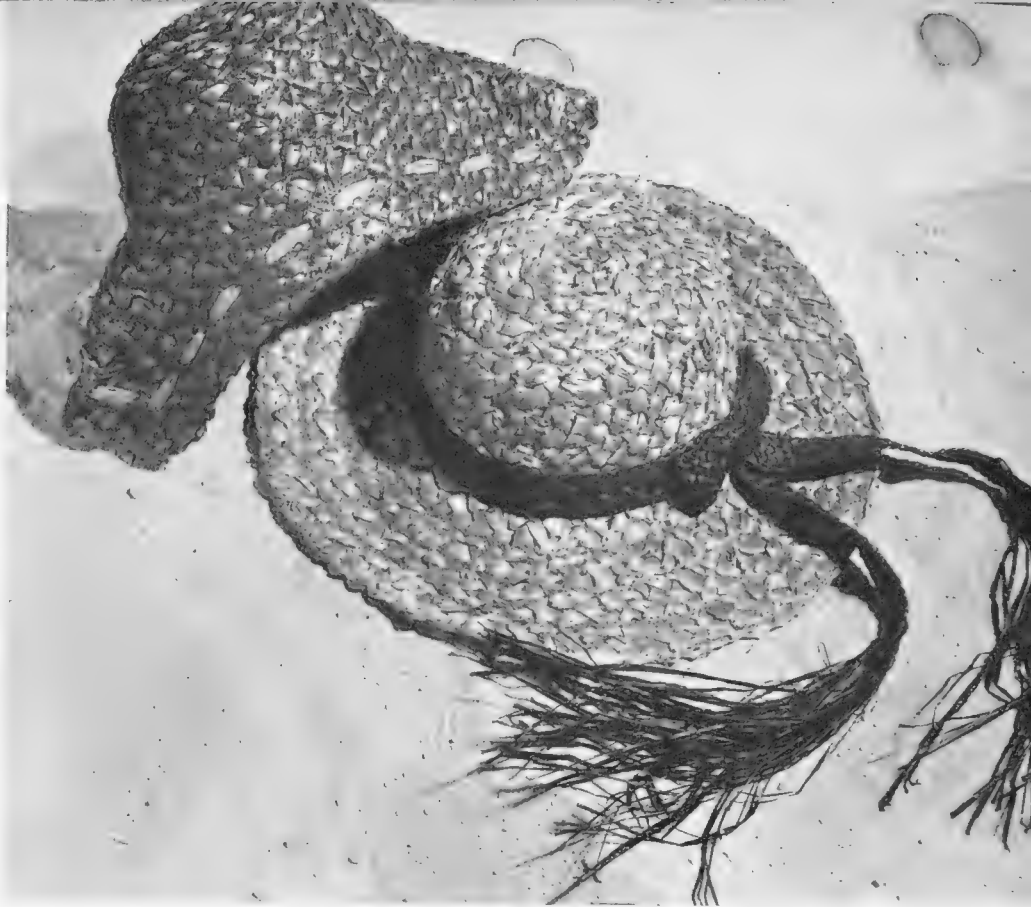


Above: Natural coloured straw hat with pointed crown, 12s. 6d., pink, yellow and blue straw hat with turned-up brim, 19s. 6d., red towelling mules, £1 9s. 6d., all are from Dickins & Jones

Left: The Riviera beach dressing tent, which can be carried as a useful beach bag (as in the foreground), is easy to set up and light, £6 6s., Gordon Lowe



This large hold-all in navy blue straw has toggle fastenings and costs £4 14s. It is obtainable from Dickins & Jones

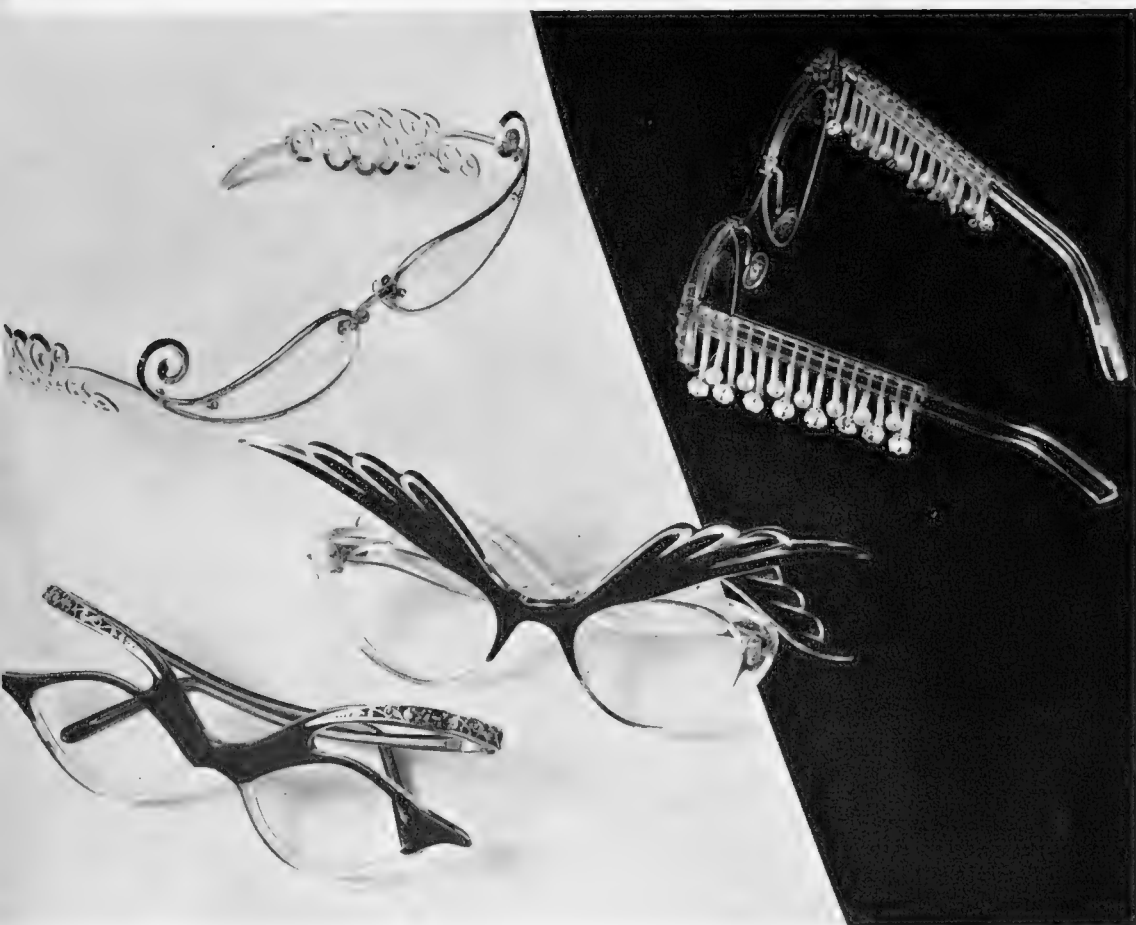


Dennis Smith

Bonnet-shaped hat in yellow, green, biscuit, black, pink, or navy straw, £2 2s. 6d., large-brimmed hat in green, white, red, biscuit, stone, blue, or black straw, £2 2s. 6d., Debenhams



Above: Surf-ball beach bag of towelling segmented in blue, yellow, red, green and black, is lined with plastic and costs £5 15s. 6d. at Debenham & Freebody. Left: Beach bag in natural coloured straw, £4 4s., red raffia hat with shaggy fringe, £1 9s. 11d., canvas beach shoes with rope soles, £1 2s. 6d., from Dickins & Jones



Dennis Smith



New eyewear was displayed at the "Fashion Spectacle" Show opened by the Duchess of Gloucester at Hamilton House recently. Among the exhibits were: spectacles by Ronald Paterson (far right), with a side fringe of pearls and diamonds; a pair by Michael with scrolled sides (top); a pair in ebony crystal plastic, with black wings (centre), and one in green and crystal with two upper rims (left), both pairs by the Optical Industry

Beauty

Looking after your eyes



Michael Dunne

Eyes respond quickly to a few minutes relaxation with soothing Optrex pads

H EY there, you with the sun in your eyes, stop screwing them up against the glare, and remember that this is the surest way of causing the fine lines that, so easy to make, are difficult to erase.

Because the skin round the eyes is fine and delicate, it wrinkles very easily, and when this happens it has an ageing effect on the whole face. To avoid it and maintain not only the beauty but the health of the eyes, a little extra care during the summer months is highly advisable. Let us consider ways in which it can be done.

First of all, if you are on holiday in some place where there is strong sun, be sure to provide yourself with a pair of sun glasses. Eye specialists recommend that these should not be too dark, as, if so, when you take them off, it gives too great a shock to the eyes. All you need is for the glass to be just tinted to take off the worst of the glare.

In spite of sun glass precaution, eyes often feel tired at the end of the day. This is partly due to the dust which gathers during the dry weather. An eye bath with a good lotion is not only refreshing, but wonderfully cleansing, and it should be given every evening. If you are travelling, and find it difficult to carry a lotion, Optone drops are invaluable. These come in a little plastic bottle that tucks into the handbag, and can be taken around without fear of breakage or spilling.

Something else very useful is a jar of Optrex eye pads, which, impregnated with the Optrex lotion provide a simple means of soothing the eyes and banishing fatigue.

I KNOW of few things more rejuvenating before going out in the evening than to lie back in a darkened room for ten minutes—or longer if you can spare the time—with these pads over your eyes. If the day has been very hot and sticky, you can get an extra feeling of refreshment by rubbing an ice cube very lightly over the pads, until the cold just gently trickles through. Don't overdo it, and never rub the ice directly over the closed lids. The pads are an essential part of the treatment.

If, in spite of sun-glasses, you find little wrinkles appearing round the eyes, never leave them to become more definite. The sooner you start attending to them the better. Helena Rubinstein has an excellent Anti-wrinkle oil specially designed for dealing with this particular trouble. The best way of applying it is to pour it on to cotton wool and place this over the little lines. Follow this at night with Youthifying Eye Cream, which, rich and lubricating, nourishes the fine dry skin, and in so doing helps to smooth away the wrinkles.

Many people complain of puffiness under the eyes, especially during the summer months. Sometimes too, the lids tend to droop. For the droopy condition, Herbal Eye Tissue Oil is very beneficial, and the puffiness can be tightened up and corrected with Contour-Life Film gently pressed into the skin with the tips of the fingers. These two preparations are also made by Helena Rubinstein.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Jennifer Elizabeth Stafford, eldest daughter of Mr. E. H. Stafford, T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Stafford, of Witherley Lodge, Atherstone, Warwickshire, is to marry Flying Officer Michael John Griffiths, R.A.F., only son of Mr. J. C. Griffiths, and the late Mrs. Griffiths, of Chichester. Sussex

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Lesley Baird, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baird, of Heaton Moor, Manchester, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Eric H. Fenwick, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Fenwick, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland



Navana Vandyk (Wilmslow)



Miss Myrica Anne Fergie-Woods, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Fergie-Woods, of Beech Court, Liphook, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. John Anson, younger son of the late Sir Edward R. Anson, Bt., and of the Dowager Lady Anson, of Meadows, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, Somerset

Paul Freeman

Miss Noel Camilla Skipwith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. d'E. Skipwith, of Rapleys, Grazeley, near Reading, has announced her engagement to Mr. A. C. A. Benda, King's Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Benda, of Abingdon Ct., London, W.8



Yes, on de





Stoddart—Adams. The marriage took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, between Mr. Peter Laurence Bowring Stoddart, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Stoddart, of Cheddington Manor, Leighton Buzzard, and Miss Joanna Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Adams, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3

RECENTLY MARRIED



Fenwicke-Clelland—Blackett. Capt. Warren Fenwicke-Clelland, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwicke-Clelland, of Eland Hall, Northumberland, married Miss Caroline Blackett, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. C. D. Blackett, of Halton Castle, Corbridge, at St. Andrew's, Corbridge



Milburn—Butler. Mr. William Milburn, younger son of the late Major W. H. Milburn and of Mrs. Milburn, of Albion Street, W.2, married Miss Patricia Carroll Butler, daughter of Sir Thomas Butler, of Hazelbridge House, Chiddingfold, and Mrs. L. M. Crookston, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Fayer



Cottrell—Treharne-James. Mr. Anthony Cottrell, elder son of Sir Edward and Lady Cottrell, of Library Street, Gibraltar, married Miss Caroline Treharne-James, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Treharne-James, of Cranley Mansions, S.W.7, at Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row



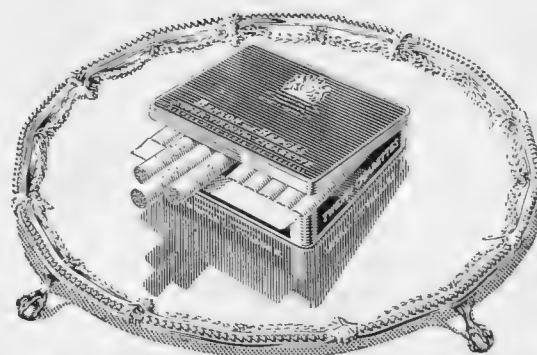
Lascelles—Baring. Mr. Giles Lascelles, younger son of Sir Francis and Lady Lascelles, of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, married Miss Caroline Baring, elder daughter of Mr. Esmond Baring, of Abbotsworthy House, Winchester, and Mrs. Andrew Montagu Douglas Scott, of Martyr Worthy, Hants, at the Chapel of St. Cross



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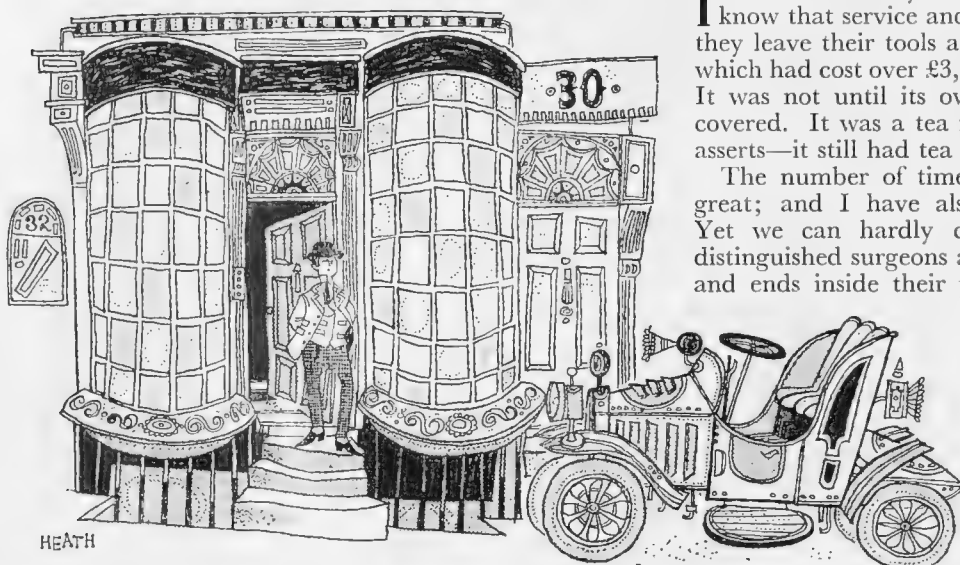
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H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA OF THAILAND, who is keenly interested in all aspects of motoring, and has published many works on car racing, is now writing, at his Cornish home, a book on his extensive travels



ROY SALVADORI at speed in his Cooper-Climax in the London Trophy Race during the Whit-Monday racing at the Crystal Palace. He finished second

Motoring

THE STUBBORN ISLANDERS

By now many people who spend most of their motoring life driving on the left side of the road will have become accustomed to driving on the right side. Those new to touring on the Continent will have discovered, and those familiar with it will have confirmed, that even with a right-hand drive, car driving on the right presents no difficulties. What a pity it is that in this, and in the system of weights and measures which we affect in Great Britain, we do not conform to the practice of the larger part of the world!

But my purpose here is not to advocate driving on the right or the metric system of weights and measures, it is simply to refute the frequently heard opinion that to change from driving on the left to driving on the right would be so difficult as to be "almost impossible." I have no patience with such views. If rationally designed, the changes could be made without serious disruption. In fact re-adjusting the traffic flow might be an opportunity for introducing permanently useful safety schemes.

If the European common market scheme (and the Channel tunnel plan) goes forward it will become even more important than it is now to consider the advantages and the disadvantages of driving on the left and of monetary and measuring systems which demand compound arithmetic instead of (as in the metric system and in decimalized coinage) simple arithmetic.

It is not necessary to believe the classic story of the mysterious rattle to know that service and repair stations are sometimes forgetful about where they leave their tools and implements. The story is that a brand new car, which had cost over £3,000, developed a persistent rattle after its first service. It was not until its owner was nearly desperate that the cause was discovered. It was a tea mug wedged under the steering box and—the story asserts—it still had tea and a spoon in it!

The number of times I have found spanners left under the bonnet is great; and I have also found oil cans, screwdrivers, torches and rags. Yet we can hardly criticize the mechanic when we remember that distinguished surgeons are forgetful enough occasionally to leave a few odds and ends inside their patients—and that in spite of an elaborate system of checking and double checking.

To the repair and service man I would commend the view that the only way never to forget anything, is never to have anything to forget. The method must be to use a pocket or a table or bench for tools and never to place them on any part of the car, even for a moment. The memory can never be guaranteed against a distraction and things left among the machinery can cause much more serious trouble than a rattle.

ONE cannot drive about this country without being repeatedly reminded of the amount of money that is being wasted on unnecessary road repairs and pavement repairs. Surfaces which could be left alone for another two or three years without causing any serious inconvenience to traffic are torn up and re-laid. Super-elevation is introduced where it is not needed. And as for kerbstones, they must have some psychological attraction for the highway authorities.

They are for ever fiddling with kerbstones. And if they can so arrange them that they cause the maximum of danger to vehicles, they do so. They forget that, in the country where pedestrians are few, a grass verge is an escape route which can save an accident. Erect a little wall along the edge of the carriageway and the escape route is stopped. The kerb enthusiasts seem to know nothing, and to care less, about road safety. In that they resemble the lighting enthusiasts. It would be a good thing if they were both forced to conform to a scientific safety code.

MR. A. S. DICK was duly elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders for 1957-8 in succession to Mr. F. A. Perkins. Dick is managing director of the Standard Motor Company and of the Triumph Motor Company. He lives at Hill Wootton, in Warwickshire. It was in 1945 that he was appointed personal assistant to Sir John Black.

Vice-Presidents of the S.M.M.T. are Mr. Reay Geddes, of Dunlop, and Mr. F. J. Hurn of Smiths, the motor accessory people. Geddes was at one time deputy director of air transport at the Air Ministry. The Society's honorary treasurer is Mr. Geoffrey Rootes.

—*Oliver Stewart*

For my kind of motoring-



it must be an M.G.

*M.G. Magnette £714.0.0
plus £358.7.0. P.T.*

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DINING OUT

Toeing the party line

MR. J. B. LI. HILL, director of Hedges & Butler, H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, and Mrs. A. H. M. Thavenot attended a party to celebrate the return of the famous Cuban spirit, Ron Barcardi



I CANNOT imagine a better or more appropriate place to welcome the arrival in England of the Mayors of Alicante and Benidorm and several Spanish journalists than in a huge cellar surrounded by innumerable casks of sherry.

Reginald and Geoffrey Byass, of Gonzalez Byass & Co., seemed to think the same thing because it was in their cellars under London Bridge that they gave a party to the visitors from the two towns which together form the heart of the newly developed coast of Spain, the Costa Blanca, and who had arrived in England as the guests of British European Airways, the object being to "attract a friendly invasion of their sunny beaches by British tourists."

Many toasts were drunk in Tio Pepe and other sherries including one to William Byass, the chairman of the firm, who in his ninety-seventh year still goes almost daily to his office.

From sherry to sardines, or something very like them, to a party given at Park Lane House by the Norway Sild Bureau. This is a small fish of the herring family, something between a sardine and a brisling, and packed exactly like sardines.

There were a large number of sild dishes prepared to show you the wide variety of meals that can be produced from them, and Aquavit, Chablis and Niersteiner to help them on their way.

Finn Pederson, Director of Information to the Norwegian Canning Association, who had a fabulous record with the Norwegian Resistance Movement, flew over for the occasion. Thanks to a recent trade agreement between their country and ours, sild are only 1s. a tin, which seems cheap to me.

AMONG this welter of parties one took place which was very different from those I have already described. This was a party given by Leonard Dennis of Smith & Hoey at the Hind's Head at Bray to Charles Gardner, as a tribute to "his life-long love of claret." The guests apart from Charles included some of the great Bordeaux shippers in this country and were Freddie Palengat, Guy Prince, Jacques Calvet, Albert Guillet, Allan Sichel. "Bep" Salvi, Peter Palmer and Erwin Schleyen.

The food was simple and superb: salmon, chicken vol-au-vent, fillet of beef, cheese; the wines fantastic. The salmon was partnered by Kaseler Kehrnel Auslese 1953, estate bottled, Reichsgraf von Kesselstatt. This was followed by all the "Grand Années" of Château-Lafite covering a period of eighty years: 1949, '47, '45, '29, '20, 1888 and 1870, the last two in magnums, and served with the cheese.

As regards the 1870, Jacques Calvet's immediate comment was "this wine will go on living for another twenty years," and as Leonard Dennis said afterwards: "It was amazing how the wine continued to grow in the glass and even after an hour had lost none of its enormous character and charm."

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

A summer boon for harassed hostesses

WHENEVER I meet a terrine of fish, meat, poultry or game at table, I mentally congratulate my hostess on her wisdom, good planning and foresight because, though terrines require a little time and a certain amount of skill to prepare well, they add immeasurably to one's peaceful entertaining. They can be made days before they are to appear, so that there is, literally, no last-minute preparation.

Danish Liver Pâte has already appeared in these notes, but I would like to give it again because I feel that many people could well do with it. I got the recipe, many years ago, from the best Danish cook I have ever met. If stored close to the "cold spot" in the refrigerator, it will keep perfectly for much longer than two weeks.

The original recipe contained neither garlic nor sherry or brandy but, if you wish, you can cream a clove of garlic with the salt to flavour it and add a tablespoon of the liquor to the mixture.

Cut into inch squares 12 oz. pig's liver (the thick part, free of all tissue). Place them in a bowl, cover with cold water containing a teaspoonful of vinegar and leave for an hour. Meanwhile, make a thick white sauce this way: Cook 2 oz. plain flour, without browning, in 2 oz. butter. Remove from the heat and stir in 6 oz. milk. Return to the heat and stir until it comes to the boil. Simmer for a few minutes, then cover and leave to become cold.

Rinse, drain and dry the liver. Pass it through the finest cutter of your mincing-machine, together with 8 oz. pork fat (free of tissue), five anchovy fillets in oil, a very small onion and a very small apple (or half a larger one). Pass these through the machine three or four times. (If you have an electric blender, this work is greatly simplified.) Add to the sauce, together with a dessertspoon of salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. I always pass this mixture through my "mouli legumes," using the second finest cutter.

To be professional, line a terrine or soufflé dish or dishes with very, very thin back pork fat, which an accommodating butcher will slice for you, or simply turn the mixture into a well-buttered dish. Distribute over the surface a bay leaf or two, broken in halves. If the dish has been lined with fat, cover with further fat. Otherwise, cover closely with butter papers, butter side down. Stand in a pan with hot water coming more than halfway up the dish and bake slowly at 325 to 350 deg. F., or mark 3 to 4 for 1½ to 1¾ hours, if you like the pâte slightly pink, or for 2 hours, if you like it well done. Remove and cover with a weighted plate. When cold, cover with pork fat or butter and place in the refrigerator for at least a day before serving it.

—Helen Burke



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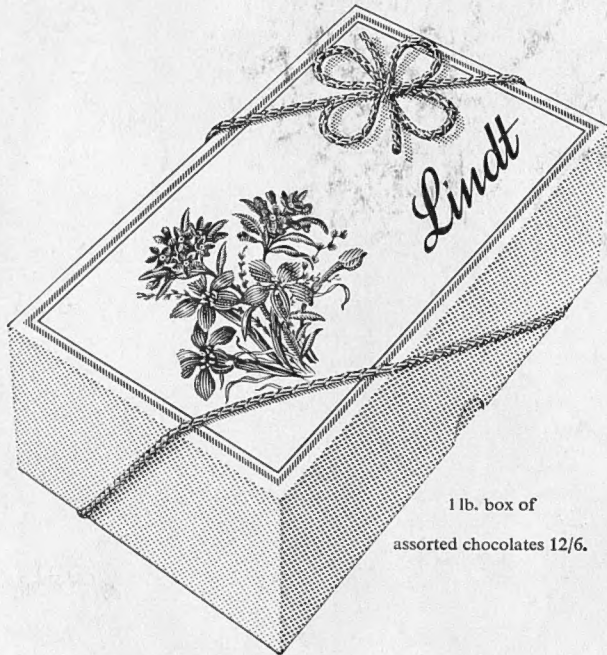


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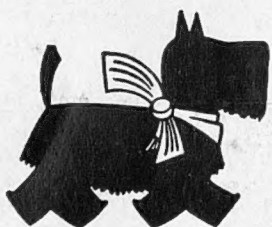
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